The Cerrillos Rustler.

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CERRILLOS - - - NEW MEXICO

A LEGEND AND A LESSON.

You may read in a quaint old letter,
Penned by one Thomas Smith
A century past and over,
The prose of this striking myth.

Two brothers of "merrie England,"
When the second Charles held reign,
Engaged in a shameful duel,
Wherein one was fatally slain.

Lo! the conscious earth in anger
At their fratricidal fray,
Wherever the feet had trodden
Showed tracks of barren clay.

And where the unhappy victim
Receiving his death-blow, sank,
The print of the prostrate body
Left sterile the verdant bank.

The marks remained, and never
Were they covered again with green,
But through all the years thereafter
Were those spots unsightly seen.

Though oft by the plow turned under,
And the soil stocked well with seed,
The patches, again appearing,
Neither grass produced nor weed.

No art could their nature alter,
No skill their presence conceal;
The footprints, the body's impress,
E'er did duel and death reveal.

Ah! the deeds we to-day are doing
Leave a record as deeply traced
In the hearts and lives of others—
Forms never to be effaced.

The good we work, or the evil,
Both forever and aye abide;
For what can influence hinder,
And who can character hide?

Full wise is the one who ponders
This story from fable's fields;
Still wiser is he who heedeth
The lesson the legend yields.

—Rev. Philip H. Strong, in Golden Days.

A NATURAL BLUNDER.

Miss Burgoyne's Clay Models and the Trouble They Caused.

As Gerald Dubrasset was walking along a secluded path in the environs of Florence he heard some one moan.

He glanced through the bushes and saw a young girl seated on one of the rustic benches. Her head was thrown back and there was an expression of pain on her face. She was simply but neatly clad, and a portfolio lay on the bench beside her.

He approached her, lifted his hat and kindly said:

"You seem to be in distress. Can I be of any service to you?"

She looked up, her soft gray eyes searching his bronzed, handsome face.

"Sir, I have sprained my ankle—and badly so, I am afraid," she said, speaking with considerable effort, though her voice was none the less sweet. "I did it while clambering over the rocks."

"I'll order a carriage," he said.

He hailed a public conveyance and gently helped her into it. He seated himself opposite to her and tried to engage her in conversation, but found her disposed to be reticent; perhaps because she was suffering—more likely because he was a stranger. Once or twice he caught her furtively scanning his face, as if she was becoming interested in him.

The discovery pleased him, for he was very much impressed in her favor. She was not very handsome, nor especially graceful, and yet there was something about her face that pleased, and much about her manner that was ladylike.

When they reached the cottage in which she lived he assisted her out of the carriage. She did not trust to bear her weight upon her sprained ankle, and so she leaned heavily upon him.

A pretty little waiting-maid came running to the door, quite ex cited, and yet not forgetting to courtesy to the handsome stranger.

"Oh, Miss Burgoyne, what has happened?" she cried, her hands nervously clasped in front of her.

"Do not be alarmed," her mistress said; "I have merely sprained my ankle."

"Shall I send a doctor?" asked Mr. Dubrasset.

"If you will be so kind," she softly said. "Also compensate the driver," she added, as she extended her purse.

"Never mind," said Mr. Dubrasset, "I'll settle with him."

"Maria, pay the driver," ordered Miss Burgoyne.

The girl took the purse and paid the man, who waved his hand and drove away.

"May I call to inquire how you are getting along?" asked Mr. Dubrasset.

"The doctor will inform you," she sententiously said.

A piqued expression came to his bronzed face.

"I'll help you into the house," he said.

"I'll lean on Maria," was the reply.

Her tone was firm, but not repellant. He laughed softly and said:

"I consider myself summarily dismissed."

Miss Burgoyne was already leaning on the waiting-maid's arm. She turned to the stranger, the blood filling her face, the gray eyes softening wondrously.

"Do not think me rude," she said, almost appealingly. "I haven't even thanked you." She paused a moment, and then added: "Yes, you may call."

Mr. Dubrasset bowed and withdrew, while Miss Burgoyne entered the house in a laborious way, clutching Maria tightly at every spasm of pain.

When he called the next day he found her reclining in an easy-chair, her bandaged foot resting on a hassock. She welcomed him with a smile, and extended her small, white, capable-looking hand.

"You rested well?" he asked, earnest sympathy in his tone.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "The doctor says I'll be about in a few days. Pray be seated."

The room was cozy and inviting—not quite a boudoir and not entirely an atelier.

"Oh, you are an artist!" he exclaimed in a pleased tone.

He walked to the easel and examined an almost finished picture. It was a market scene in Flanders. Some peasants were chaffering with the market woman over their purchases. It was in the gray of the early morning, and a candle was still sputtering on the table.

"That is very fine," he said. "Allow me."

As he spoke he picked up a brush and dipped it into the colors.

"Oh! don't please!" she uneasily exclaimed, "unless—"

"Unless I am proficient, eh?" supplied he, with a smile. "You can trust me."

A few touches and the effect was surprising. He had simply brightened up the faces where the beams from the candle fell upon them.

"Oh!" ejaculated Miss Burgoyne, in delighted surprise. "I tried in vain to get that effect. Ah, you have genius!"

The gray eyes warmed with a glow of appreciation.

He laid down the brush and resumed his seat. As they sat there and talked, they inadvertently revealed to each other glimpses of their past lives, and when they parted they felt as if they had known each other for years.

"She certainly is charming," was his mental comment. "Compact, cultured, practical. Reserved enough to be tantalizing; confidential enough to captivate."

Gerald Dubrasset was a man of great wealth. He spent his income in traveling, and in gratifying his taste for the grand in art and the beautiful in nature. He was sociable in disposition, and had mingled largely with the world. He had met scores of women with rare charms of mind and person, and yet none of them had attracted him as strongly as this quiet, self-contained, helpful American girl, whose acquaintance he had made by the veriest accident.

She soon got over the latter, and he became a frequent visitor at the cottage. She was always glad to see him; if she was not demonstrative it was because it was not her nature to be.

One day he noticed on her table a pretty little clay figure of a shepherd and his dog.

"This is very artistic," he said.

"It is crude," she replied.

"It is original," declared he. "It isn't your work, Miss Burgoyne?"

"Yes," she quietly said. "Allow me to show you something better."

She stepped into an adjoining room and returned with some other figures, classical and mythological. The look of admiration with which he regarded them made her heart beat faster.

"'The Reliable Contraband,'" he said, reading the inscription at the base of one of the figures. "This is especially original."

"It is distinctly American," responded Miss Burgoyne.

"Who was he?" asked Mr. Dubrasset.

"Quite a noted character during the rebellion," replied Miss Burgoyne. "He frequently came into the union camps with reliable information."

"Oh, I see!" laughed Mr. Dubrasset. "And there were a good many of him, eh? Modeling in clay is your forte. Why not stick to it?"

"It is too—too trifling," she replied.

"I beg your pardon for differing," he said. He paused a second and then resumed: "Miss Burgoyne, it has occurred to me—that is, I suspect, or, rather—"

"Please don't stammer," she interjected, with a little laugh.

"If you are in straitened circumstances," he began, with a heightened color, "why—"

"Mr. Dubrasset!" she interrupted, warningly, indignantly.

But he kept on.

"You might realize handsomely from time to time by disposing of these figures. They ought to average you three hundred florins apiece."

"Oh, no!" Miss Burgoyne said, incredulously.

"There is an old vender of such articles in the city," Mr. Dubrasset replied. "If you will allow me, I'll have him place some of them in his window."

"You have my permission," she slowly rejoined, her eyes bent to the floor, the color coming and going in her face, he watching her with intensified interest.

Three of the clay models were placed on sale and brought the sum Mr. Dubrasset had named.

"Why, it is wonderful!" she exclaimed, as she brought her hands together with girlish impulsiveness. "I'll soon be able to open a bank account."

She laughed softly, and Mr. Dubrasset thought that she had never looked so lovely.

"Modeling is your endowment," he said.

A month later he told her that he was going away, to remain for a year, perhaps.

She bade him farewell, not effusively, but she returned the significant pressure of his hand, and when their eyes met each was in possession of the other's secret. Still, they parted unbetrothed.

Next came a letter from America. It informed her that her father was seriously ill and wanted her to return at an early day. She took the remaining figures to the old dealer.

"These are the last," she said.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I am going back to America."

"I am sorry," he rejoined. "You will bring me nothing more to sell."

"Who purchased the others?" she asked, her Italian as fluent as her English, and almost as correct.

"A gentleman," replied the dealer.

"Do you mean to say that one gentleman bought them all?" she inquired.

"Yes. They were scarcely in the window a day."

"Do you know his name?" she asked, with repressed eagerness.

"Lady, I do not. That is, I cannot recall it. He was tall and handsome, with brown eyes and brown mustache, and carried himself so."

The old leader made a comical failure of his attempt to stand erect and to assume a military air.

"Was his name Dubrasset?" Miss Burgoyne asked, with twitching lips.

"Yes," said the dealer, explosively.

An angry, disappointed sparkle came into her eyes as she turned to leave the shop. Once on the sidewalk, she sighed, and unconsciously lifted her hand to her heart.

"He was my only patron," she muttered. "He deceived me. I feel so humiliated that I almost hate him."

She gave up her rooms in the cottage, and prepared to return home. She kissed Maria, and said:

"You have been very kind to me. I leave you that painting—the Flemish market scene. By the bye, here is a letter for Mr. Dubrasset. Will you hand it to him, should he call?"

"Yes," mournfully replied Maria, because sorry her lodger was going away.

Three months later Mr. Dubrasset knocked at the door. Maria answered the summons. He greeted her with a smile, and made a feint to step into the hall.

"Miss Burgoyne is not here," she said.

"Ah!" he ejaculated.

"She is gone."

"To America?" he quickly asked.

"To America," replied Maria.

A look of indecision rested upon his face for a moment.

"Did she leave her address?" he asked.

"She did not," replied the girl; then, noticing his disappointment, she added: "But she left a letter for you."

An expression of delight came into his handsome brown eyes.

"Wait," Maria said.

She ran in and reappeared with the letter. He opened it with eager haste, only to read:

"I have discovered that I have been your pensioner. You deceived me, and I despise you."

Maria saw his face flush, and his hand close tightly on the letter.

"It isn't good news, Mr. Dubrasset," she said.

"No, it isn't," he replied, and he walked gloomily away.

Miss Burgoyne was staying for a few days in London with a friend previous to her departure for America.

"Oh!" she gladly exclaimed, with a bound to the center-table an hour after her arrival. "My 'Reliable Contraband!' Where did you get it, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Your 'Contraband!'" repeated her friend. "Am I to understand that it is your work?"

"Yes. Where did you get it?"

"From Florence."

"Oh, I know. But how?"

Mr. Lawrence debated a moment.

"The only distinct recollection I have," he slowly said, "is that I paid five hundred florins for it. A Mr. Dubrasset send one of the clay models to a member of the club to which I belong. It was so unique that the figures became in great demand. Can it be possible that you fashioned them? I congratulate you on your genius."

"I have blundered," she said, partly aloud, with a keen pang of regret. "I have wronged Mr. Dubrasset," she mentally added, with a sigh.

Two years later they met at Bar Harbor. Miss Burgoyne went directly to him, her face suffused with blushes, her hand fluttering into his.

"Oh, Mr. Dubrasset!" she cried, "I wish to explain."

His dark brown eyes rested upon her flushed, piquant face without a sparkle of resentment in them.

"He will be as generous as he is handsome," she thought.

"You refer to that letter?" he said.

"Yes," she nervously replied. "I wounded you sorely, I am afraid. It was—was very unkind of me—but, you see, I didn't know."

The silken lashes were dipping into the burning cheeks, her tone was regretful, her attitude beseeching.

In a few hurried words she told him how she had misconstrued his kindness.

"I don't blame you," he gently said. "You didn't know."—Frank A. Stauffer, in Boston Globe.

SPROAT'S LANDING.

A Typical Railroad Village on the Frontier Described.

A moonless night soon closed around the boat, and in the morning we were at Sproat's Landing, a place two months old. The village consisted of a tiny cluster of frame houses and tents perched on the edge of the steep bank of the Columbia. One building was the office and storehouse of the projected railroad, two others were general trading stores, one was the hotel, and the other habitations were mainly tents.

I firmly believe there never was a hotel like the hostelry there. In a general way its design was an adaptation of the plan of a hen-coop. Possibly a box made of gridirons suggests more clearly the principle of its construction. It was two stories high, and contained about a baker's dozen of rooms, the main one being the barroom, of course. After the framework had been finished, there was perhaps half enough "slab" lumber to sheathe the outside of the house, and this had been made to serve for exterior and interior walls, and the floors and ceilings besides. The consequence was that a flock of gigantic canaries might have been keep in it with propriety, but as a place of abode for human beings it compared closely with the Brooklyn bridge. The queer hotel was but little more peculiar than many of the people who gathered on the single street on pay-day to spend their hard-earned money upon a great deal of illicit whisky and a few rude necessities from the limited stock on sale in the stores. There never had been any grave disorder there, yet the floating population was as motley a collection of the riffraff of the border as one could well imagine.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

—A teacher was drilling the children in music. "What does it mean when you see the letter 'f' over a bar or stave?" she asked. "Forte," answered one of the pupils. "And what does the character 'ff' mean?" There was a short period of deep thoughtfulness on the part of the children, and then on of them shouted triumphantly, "Eighty!"

She Returned the Compliment.

There is a curious marriage custom in Brittany. At the close of the wedding ceremony, the bridegroom gives the bride a box on the ear saying:

"That is how it feels when you make me vexed," after which he kisses her, adding: "And thus when you treat me well."

A Breton once married a German lass from Swabia, and gave her the usual salute on leaving the altar. But the resolute damsel, ignorant of the prevailing custom, without waiting for the kiss dealt her swain a tremendous clout on the side of the face and said:

"Look here; I'll have none of that!"

The young fellow rubbed his cheek, and knew now, at least, that his better half would not stand any nonsense.—London Tid Bits.

"NEXT TO NOTHING."

—Life.

Railroad Rambling.

"Can you tell me," he asked, as he entered an office on Broad street the other day, "why the railroad should discriminate so heavily against dressed meat over live stock?"

"Certainly, sir. Dressed meat is dead, isn't it?"

"Of course."

"Well, anything that can't kick is always bulldozed by a railroad company."—Texas Siftings.

Anxiety Caused It.

Philanthropist—What's the matter?

Tramp—Nervous prostration.

Philanthropist—Impossible! That disease is caused by overwork or mental anxiety.

Tramp—That's just it. I've had nothing but work offered me since I struck the town, and I'm anxious for fear I'll have to take it or leave.—Judge.

A Sensible Pater Familias.

He—Have you heard the news? Yesterday morning, Mary Dawson jumped into her father's carriage and eloped with the coachman.

She—What's her father done about it?

He—He has advertised: "Send back the horses, and all will be forgiven."—Life.

A Boy's Chances Spoiled.

Farmer's Boy—Father, why cannot I rise in the world the same as other men? For instance, why cannot I some day become secretary of agriculture?

Old Farmer—Too late, too late, my son, you know too much about farmin'.—Good News.

A Slight Oversight.

Young Myzer is quite liberal with his newly wedded wife.

He supplies her with the loveliest steam printed cheques in blank.

The only little drawback to their happy married life

Is his failure to deposit any money in the bank.

—Puck.

Precocious.

"They say Mozart played on the piano at the age of six."

"That's nothing. I've got a little girl only two years old who plays on the piano every day."

"What does she play?"

"Dolls."—Harper's Bazar.

Progress in Medicine.

Gargoyle—There's been a great improvement in medicine lately. For instance, doctors don't bleed patients as they used to.

Bloobumper—Don't they! Well, I paid a doctor's bill of $400 only last week.—Detroit Free Press.

A New Standard.

"To think that Blodgett, of all men, should have married a plain girl!"

"They say the new Mrs. B. has an amiable disposition."

"Evidently he selected his wife as he would a razor—for temper, not for lookz."—Life.

A DISTANT DISCOURSE.

Teacher—Prof. Newton is going to give a lecture on the sun, and I want all of my pupils to be there.

Thomas Tardy—I don't think I can go, Miss Boyer.

Teacher—Why not, Thomas?

Thomas Tardy—'Cause my mother won't let me go so far away from home.—Golden Days.

An Humble Parent.

Gus De Smith—Do you know my father, Miss Birdie?

Birdie—I have never met him, but I believe he is a very modest, unassuming sort of a man.

Gus De Smith—Right you are. You can get some kind of an idea of how unostentatious he is, when I tell you he does not brag about having me for a son.—Texas Siftings.

Misinformed.

She (severely)—I have been informed that you intend to give a bachelor dinner to your friends on the day before we are married. Now, as I understand it, a bachelor dinner is for the purpose of taking leave of a gang of fellows whom no gentleman would introduce to his wife, and I should just like to know why a gentleman should have such—

He—My dear, you have been misinformed. I haven't the least intention of giving a bachelor dinner or taking leave of anybody.

"You haven't?"

"Of course not. I shall meet them every night at the club just the same as before."—N. Y. Weekly.

Important to Smokers.

"You ain't a-gwine to give ten cents for that cigar, are you?"

"I believe I will, Sally," said he.

"Jest to burn up?" said she.

"That's what it is make for, Sally," said he.

"Well," said she, "I'd look at a dime a long time before I'd give it for that thing and then burn it right straight up. If I was gwine to be a fool I'd be a fool some other way."—Texas Siftings.

On the Stubble Field.

Chappie—I can't get the impwession out of my mind that I've forgotten something.

Dumley—Not your flawsk?

Chappie—No, nor me loading tools, nor me compass. Here are me cleaning implements, shell extwactor and me cartwidge bag. Aw, I have it now. I have left me gun at home! Deucedly awkward, isn't it?—Jury.

An Unfortunate Break.

"I declare, I never thought!" cried Mrs. Lincolnpark, after her dinner was over.

"Never thought of what?" asked Mr. L.

"Why, I placed Col. Jones and Mrs. Parkerton next each other at dinner, and, now I think of it, he was her first husband!"—Harper's Bazar.

One or the Other.

Seaside Visitor—What a magnificent villa! It must have cost a fortune.

Driver—That's Smith's cottage.

Visitor—Ah, indeed! Smith, the soap man, or Smith, the pill man?—N. Y. Weekly.

Nothing to Fear.

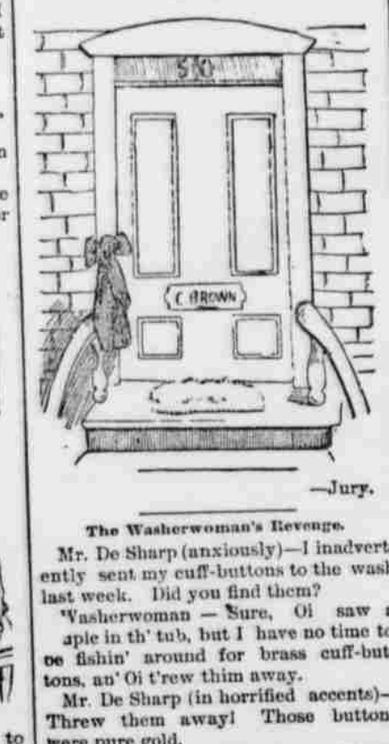
Lady—Little boy, isn't that your mother calling you?

Little Boy—Yes'm.

"Why don't you answer her, then?"

"Pop's away."—Good News.

HER FIRST CAKE.



—Jury.

The Washerwoman's Revenge.

Mr. De Sharp (anxiously)—I inadvertently sent my cuff-buttons to the wash last week. Did you find them?

Washerwoman—Sure, Oi saw a spoide in th' tub, but I have no time to be fishin' around for brass cuff-buttons, an' Oi t'rew thim away.

Mr. De Sharp (in horrified accents)—Threw them away! Those buttons were pure gold.

Washerwoman—Moy! moy! That's too bad. Oi niver thought a young man wot was always beatin' down a poor washerwoman's prices cud afford to wear goold.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Boston Comparison.

"Ain't they like each other?" said the fond mother as she admiringly contemplated her twins.

"Yes," said the Boston lady; "they are as like each other as two beans."—Cape Cod Item.

Gathering Information.

Lord Noodleby—And wheah do yaw best people live in New York?

Maude—Our untitled nobs live along Fifth avenue. We keep our piers on the river front.—Jury.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

—An electrician in Wisconsin has discovered a process by which iron can be melted by electricity, at half the cost, and in half the time required at present.

—Persons suffering with toothache or tic doloreaux may get some relief by wrapping an incadescent lamp in a cloth and holding it against the cheek as a gentle counter irritant.

In London the electric mains are placed beneath the sidewalks, and to avoid accidents, the manholes are provided with two covers, each connected with the earth. The outer cover is thus rendered harmless.

—As regards their capacity for conducting electricity the principal metals rank thus: Silver, 100; copper, 96; gold, 72; aluminium, 52; zinc, 26; iron, 15; platinum, 26; nickel, 12; tin, 11; lead, 7. Copper and iron are the only metals that have comercial values as electrical conductors.

—The Prussian government has made a report upon its buildings struck by lightning between 1877 and 1886. There were 55,302 buildings used for official purposes in Prussia. Two hundred and sixty-four were struck, or one-half of one per cent. per thousand annually. Of the total number fifteen only were fitted with conductors, and only one of these escaped injury. Generally the conductors were found to be either dangerous or useless. In six they were not touched.

—The practicability of telegraphing without wires has recenly been demonstrated by the success of several experiments. Not long ago Mr. Preece, the head electrician of the postal telegraph system in England succeeded in establishing communication across the Solent to the Isle of Wight, and telegraphed also across river Severn without wires, merely using earth-plates at a sufficient distance apart. It is now proposed to make a practical use of this system in communicating with lightships.

—The great omnibus strike in London is said to have developed the use of a modification of the scarf electric lamp. Tickets are now compulsory on all omnibuses and their examination entails the employment of an army of inspectors. At night this is difficult, and the inspectors have had recourse to a small button-hole lamp which is worked by a pocket battery. On asking for the passenger's ticket the inspector has only to touch the battery and a vivid light reveals the number and particulars of the printed slip.

—The experiments made at Cornell university and in France to ascertain the effect of the electric light upon vegetation have demonstrated its wonderful property of greatly stimulating almost every variety of vegetable life. The colors of flowers are intensified, and an increased yield of fruits and vegetables of nearly 100 per cent. has been obtained, without diminishing the odor of the former or the flavor of the latter. The parts of the soil are more actively dissolved by the influence of the light, and are thus brought within reach of the roots.

—Members of the American Society of Electricians wear a small badge bearing this equation: $C=\frac{E}{R}$. It means "Current equals electric force divided by resistance." The badge is highly characteristic of the profession, for electricians are, above almost any other class of men, enthusiastic touching their work. The profession is full of successful young men, and the note of hope is a marked characteristic of electricians in all walks of the profession. They talk shop a good deal among themselves, and nothing is more fascinating to the outsider than such shop talk.

"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

Origin of the Ballad as Told by the Author to Walter Scott.

A song altogether of Fife origin and authorship marks the commencement of the period of modern ballads. It will be acknowledged that "Auld Robin Gray" has few superiors, either among its predecessors or successors, though to call it the "King of Scottish Ballads," as Chambers does, is to raise it to a dangerous eminence, which it would not be prudent even for the most patriotic native of the "kingdom" to claim for it. For our present purpose it is more to the point to observe its modern character and sentiment. This can not be better shown than by an extract from the letter Lady Anne Barnard wrote in 1823 to the author of "Waverley," who had referred in the "Pirate" to "Jeanie Gray, the village heroine in Lady Anne Lindsay's beautiful ballad": "Robin Gray." Lady Anne, then an old lady, writes, "so called from its being the name of the old herdsman of Balcarres, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavored to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond. Sophy Johnstone used to sing it to us at Balcarres; I longed to hear old Sophy's air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tone some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, which might suit it. While attempting this in my closet I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke: 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one, I pray.' 'Steal the cow,' sister Anne,' said little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me and the song completed. At our fireside, among our neighbors, 'Auld Robin Gray,' was always called for. I was pleased with the approbation it met with." To which Sir Walter Scott answered: "I wish to heaven I could obtain an equally authentic copy of 'Hardyknute,' and then I think old Fife might cock her crest in honor of her two poetesses."—Blackwood's Magazine.